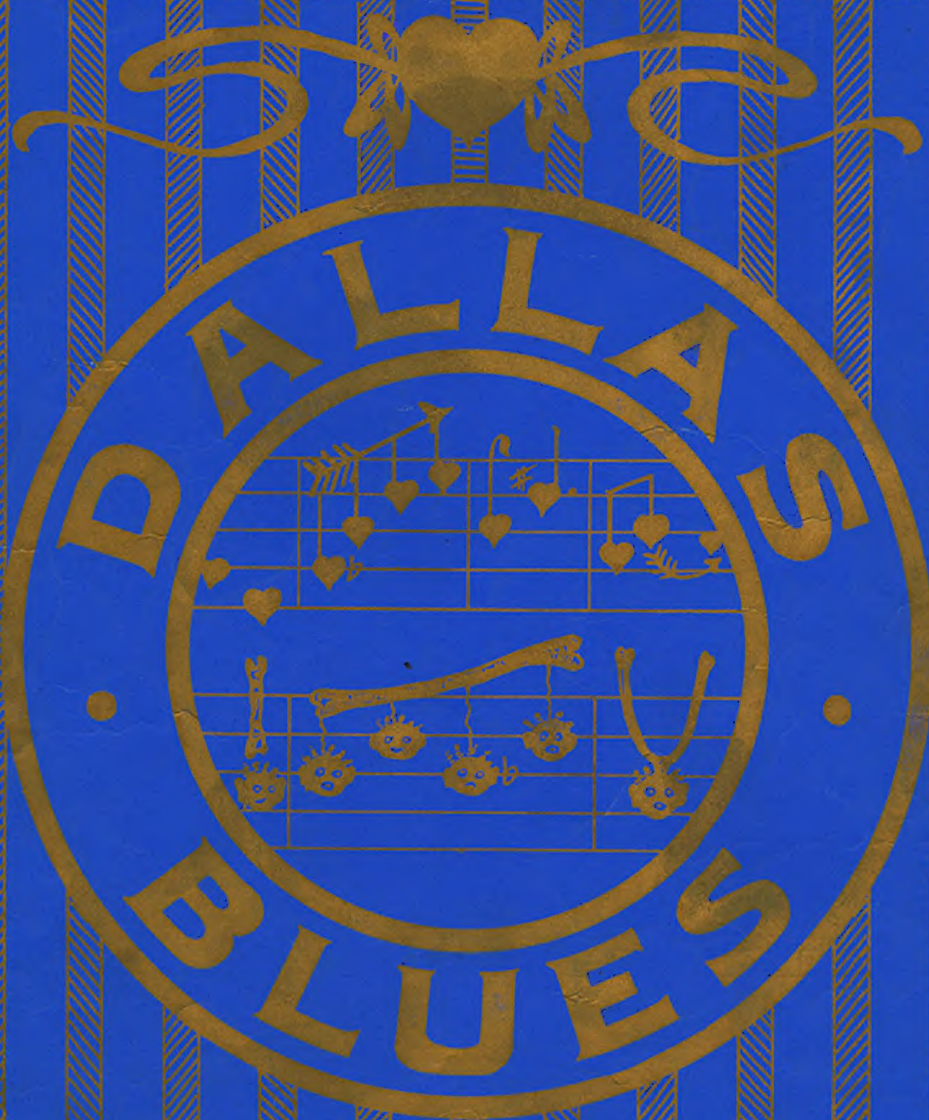


Bobbie G. Gamm



WAND
PUBLISHING CO

OKLAHOMA CITY
U.S.A.

DALLAS BLUES

Words by
LLOYD GARRETT.

Music by
HART A. WARD.

Tempo di Blues. Very slowly.

f *fz* *mp* **VAMP**

When your money's gone, friends have turned you down, — And you wan - der
When I got up north, clothes I had to spare, — Sold 'em all to

'round just like a houn' (a lone-some houn') Then you stop to say, "Let me
pay my rail - road fare (my rail-road fare) Just to come back there rid - ing

go a-way from this old town (this aw-ful town)? There's a place I know
in a Pull-man par-lor chair (a par-lor chair). Sent a tel - e - gram,

folks won't pass me by, — Dal-las, Tex - as, that's the town I cry! (oh hear me
this is what I said: — "Ba - by, bring a cold towel for my head (my ach - ing

cry!) And I'm go-ing back, go-ing back to stay there till I die (un-til I die,
head). Got the Dal-las Blues and your lov-in' man is al-most dead (is al-most dead).

CHORUS.

I've got the Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart disease (it's buz-zin' round), I've got the
I'm goin' to put my-self on a San-ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go), I'm goin' to

Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart dis-ease (it's buz-zin' round), Buz-zin'
put my-self on a San-ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go) To that

'round my head like a swarm of lit-tle hon-ey bees (of hon-ey bees). I've got the bees. D.S.
Tex-as town where you nev-er see the ice and snow (the ice and snow). I'm goin' to snow.

EXTRA CHORUSES.

I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
Maybe someone else stole the juicy peaches off my tree (right off my tree).

I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
It's the first time that blues have been a-knockin' at my door (at my front door).

Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Leave her all alone till her lovin' heart gets good and sore (gets good and sore).

ong

CHICAGO
NEW YORK